to this paltrie Knight:

Miſ. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her; ſhee'll fit it.

M. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Qui. I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſſe *Anne?*

Miſ. Page. Go in with vs and ſee, wee haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em ſlaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his diſcarded men, very rogues, now they be out of ſeruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looſe to him, and what hee gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turne them together, a man may bee too confident, I would haue nothing lye on my head, I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when hee lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke, thou'rt a Gentleman, Caueleiro Iuſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow, Good-euen, and twenty (good Maſter *Page.*) Maſter *Page*, will you go with vs? we haue ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him Caueleiro-Iuſtice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to b
the Welch Prieſt, and *Caius* th
Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th
Hoſt. What ſaiſt thou, my B
Shal. Will you goe with vs t
hath had the meaſuring of th
appointed them contrary pla
the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke,
ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit ag
Caualeire?

Ford. None, I proteſt, but
ſacke, to giue me recourſe to h
Broome, onely for a ieſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully,) t
greſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy
merry Knight, will you goe A

Shal. Haue with you mine

Page. I haue heard the Fren
Rapier.

Shal. Tut Sir, I could ha
times you ſtand on diſtance,
I know not what: 'tis the hea
'tis heere, I haue ſeene the ti
would haue made you fow
Rattes.

Hoſt. Heere boyes, heere, hee

Page. Haue with you, I had
fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſec
ly on his wiues frailty: yet, I
eaſily, ſhe was in his compan
they made there, I know not.
to't, and I haue a diſguiſe, to
honeſt, I looſe not my labour
bour well beſtowed.